

Continued From Last Saturday. The king's immediate party was no soon er gone than Darrell ran up to me eagerly and before my lord could rejoin me, crying: "What did he say to you?"

"The king? Why, he said--"

"No, no. What did my lord say?" He pointed to Arlington, who was walking off with the king. "He asked me whether I were a good

churchman, and told me that I should hear from him. But if he is so solicitous about the church, how does he endure your religion?"

Darrell had no time to answer, for Lord Quinton's grave voice struck in: "He is a wise man who can answer a

question touching my Lord Arlington's opinion of the church," said he. Darrell flushed red and turned angrily on

the interrupter. "You have no cause, my lord," he cried, "to attack the secretary's churchmanship.

"Then you have no cause, sir," retorted uinton, "to defend it with so much tem-Come, let me be. I have said as much per. Come, let me be. I have said as much to the secretary's face, and he bore it with more patience than you can muster on his behalf."

behalf."

By this time I was in some distress to see my old friend and my new at such variance, and the more as I could not understand the ground of their difference; the secretary's suspected leaning toward the Popish religion had not reached our ears in the country. But Darrell, as though he did not wish to dispute further with the country. did not wish to dispute further with a man his superior in rank and age, drew off with a bow to my lord and a kindly nod to me, and rejoined the other gentlemen in at-tendance on the king and his party. "You came off well with the king, Simon,"

said my lord, taking my arm again. "You made him laugh, and he counts no man his enemy who will do him that service. But what did Arlington say to you?"
When I repeated the secretary's words he grew grave, but he patted my arm in

friendly fashion, saying:

"You've shown wisdom and honor in this
first matter, led. I must trust you in others. Yet there are many who have no faith
in my Lord Arlington, as Englishman or churchman, either."
"But," cried I, "does not Lord Arlington
do as the kirg bids him?"

My lord looked full in my face and an

swered steadily.

"I think he does, Simon." But then, as though he had said enough, or even too much, he went on: "Come, you needn't grow too old or too prudent ail at once. Since you have seen the king, your business at Whitehall will wait. Let us turn back to the coach and be driven to my house, for, besides my lady. Barbara is there to-day on leave from her attendance, and she will be glad to renew her acquaintance It was my experience as a young man,

and, perchance, other young men may have found the like, that whatsoever apprehen-sions or embarrassments might be entailed by meeting a comely damsel, and however greatly her displeasure and scorn were to be dreaded yet the meeting was not fore-gone, all perils being taken rather than that certain calamity. Therefore I went with my lord to his handsome house in Southampton square, and found myself kissing my lady's hard before I was resolv-ed on how I should treat Mistress Barbara, or on the more weighty question of how I might look to be treated by her. I had not to wait long for the first test. After 2 few moments of my lady's amiable

and kindly conversation, Barbara entered from the room behind, and with her Lord Carford. He wore a disturbed air that his affected composure could not wholly con-ceal. Her cheek was flushed and she seem-ed vexed, but I did not notice these things wrought in her by the last four years. She had become a very beautiful woman, ornamented with a high-bred grace and exquisite haughtiness, tall and slim, carry-berealf with a delicate dignity. She and rather as though she acknowledged an old acquaintance than found any pleasure in its renewal. But she was gentle to me, and I detected in her manner a subtle indication that, although she knew all, yet she pitied rather than blamed. Was not Simon very young and ignorant, and did not all the world know how easily even honest young men might be beguiled by cunning women? An old friend must not turn her back on account of a folly, distasteful as it might be to her to be reminded of such matters.

ed of such matters. My lord, I think, read his daughter very well, and being determined to afford me an opportunity to make my peace, engaged Lord Carford in conversation and bade her lead me into the room behind to see the picture that Lely had lately painted of her. She obeyed, and having brought me to where it have listened and account to the control of the co she obeyer, and having brought me to where it hung, listened patiently to my remarks on it, which I tried to shape into compliments that should be pleasing and yet not gross. Then, taking courage, I ventured to assure her that I fell out with Lord Carford in sheer ignorance that he was a friend of her family and would have

was a friend of her family, and would have borne anything at his hands had I known it. She smiled, answering: "But you did him no harm," and she "But you did him no harm," and she gianced at my arm in its sling. She had not troubled herself to ask how it did, and I, a little nettled at her neglect, said:
"Nay, all ended well. I alone was hurt, and the great lord came off safe."
"Since the great lord was in the right," said she, "we should all rejoice at that "Since the great lord was in the light aid she, "we should all rejoice at that. Are you satisfied with your examination of the picture, Mr. Dale?"

I was not to be turned aside so easily.

"If you hold me to have been wrong, then I have done what I could to put myself in



But You Did Him No Harm."

the right since," said I, not doubting that knew of my surrender of the con on. "I don't understand," she said, with a

"I don't understand," she said, with a quick glance. "What have you done?" In wonder that she should not have been informed, I cried:
"I have obtained the king's leave to deciline his favor."
The color which had been on her cheeks when she first entered had gone before now, but at my words it returned a little. "Didn't my lord tell you?" I asked.
"I haven't seen him alone this week past," she answered.

"I haven't seen him mione that if pest," she answered.

But she had seen Carford alone, and that in the last hour past. It was strange that he, who had known my intention and compended it so highly, should not have touched on it. I looked in her eyes. I think she followed my thoughts, for she

glanced aside, and said in visible embar-'Shall we return?"

"Shall we return?"
"You haven't spoken on the matter with
my Lord Carford, then?" I asked.
She hesitated a moment, then answered,
as though she did not love to tell the truth, but must tell it: "Yes, but he said nothing of this. Teil me of it." So I told her in simple and few words

So I told her in simple and few words what I had done.
"Lord Carford said nothing of it," she said when I ended. Then she added: "But although you will not accept the favor, you have rendered thanks for it?"
"I couldn't find my tengue when I was with the king," I answered, with a shamefaced laugh.
"I didn't mean to the king," said Bar-

It was my turn to color now. I had not seen long enough at court to lose

"I nave seen her," I murmured. Then Barbara suddenly made a curtsey, saying, bitterly: "I wish you joy, sir, of your acquaint-

When a man is alone with a beautiful on my soul I was glad to see Carford in the doorway. He came toward us, but before he could speak Barbara cried to him: "My lerd, Mr. Dale tells me news that will interest you."

"Indeed, madam, and what?"

"Why that he has begand the king's

"Why, that he has begged the king's

the moment, I must confess, my going to court, with the prospect it opened and the chances it held, dominated my mind, and Jonah Wall, my servant, was kept busy in preparing me for the great event. I had made a discovery concerning this fellow which afforded me much amusement; coming on him suddenly, I found him deeply engaged on a Puritan psalm book, sighing and casting up his eyes to heaven in a ludicrous excess of glum-faced plety. I pressed him hard and merrily, when it appeared that he was as thorough a ranter as my friend Phineas himself, and held the court and all in it to be utterly given over to Satan, an opinion not without some warrant, had he observed any moderation in advancing it. Not wishing to harm him, I kept my knowledge to myself, but found In advancing it. Not wishing to harm him, I kept my knowledge to myself, but found a malicious sport in setting him to supply me with all the varieties of raiment, perfumes and other guads—that iast was his word, not mine—which he abhorred, but which Mr. Simon Dale's new born desire for fashion made imperative, however little Mr. Simon Dale's purse could properly afford the expense of them.

The truth is that Mistress Barbara's behavior spurred me on. I had no mind to be The truth is that Mistress Barbara's behavior spurred me on. I had no mind to be set down a rustic. I could stomach disapproval and endure severity. Pitled for a misguided, befooled clod, I would not be, and the best way to avoid such a fate seemed to lie in showing myself as reckless a galiant and as fine a soldier as any at Whitehall. So I dipped freely and deep into my purse till Jonah groaned as woefully for my extravagance as for my frivolity. All day he was in great fear lest I should take him with me to court to the extreme peril him with me to court to the extreme peril of his soul, but prudence at last stepped in and bade me spare myself the cost of a rich livery by leaving him behind. Now, heaven forbid that I should imitate my servant's sour folly, for if a man must be a fool I would have him a merry fool or find anything to blame in the pomp and seemly splendor of a royal court. Yet the profusion that met my eyes amazed me. It was the king's whim that on this night himself, his friends, and principal gentle-

men should, for no reason whatsoever, ex-cept the quicker disbursing of their money, assume Persian attire, and they were one and all decked out in richest oriental garments, in many cases lavishly embroidered with precious stones. The Duke of Buckirgham seemed all ablaze, and the other courtiers and wits were little less magnificent, foremost among them being the young Duke of Monmouth, whom I now saw for the first time, and thought as handsome a youth as I had set eyes on.



"WELL DONE, WELL DONE: I'D HAVE GIVEN A THOUSAND CROWNS TO

leave to resign his commission. Doesn't it surprise you?"

He looked at her, at me, and again at her. He was caught, for I knew that he had been fully acquainted with my pur-pose. He gathered himself together to an-

swer her.
"Nay, I knew," he said, "and had ventured to applaud Mr. Dale's resolution. But it did not come into my mind to speak of "Strange," zaid she, "when we were de-

ploring that Mr. Dale should obtain his commission by such means."

She rested her eyes on him steadily, while her lips were set in a scornful sm

rause followed her words.
"I dares y I should have mentioned it, had we not passed to another topic," said he, at last, and sullenly enough. Then, attempting a change in tone, he added, Won't you rejoin us?"

"I am very well here," she said. He waited a moment, then bowed and left us. He was frowning heavily and, as I judged, would have greeted another quar-rel with me very gladly, had I been minded to give him an op-portunity; but, thinking it fair that I should be cured from the first encounter before I faced a second, I held my peace till he was gone; then I said to

Barbara: "I wonder he didn't tell you."
Alas for my presumption. The anger that
had been diverted on to Carford's head

swept back to mine.

"Indeed, why should he?" she cried. "All the world can't be always thinking of you and your affairs, Mr. Dale."

"Yet you were vexed because he hadn't."

"I vexed! Not I!" said Barbara, haugh-"You bade me describe her," said I,

lamely. "I do not know whether others see as I do, but such is she to my eyes."

A silence followed. Barbarn's face was not flushed now, but rather seeingd paler than it was wont to be. I could not tell how it was, but I knew that I had wounded her. Is not beauty jealous, and who but a clod will lavish praise on one fair face while another is before him? I should have done better to play the hypocrite and swear that my folly, not Nell's features, was to blave. But now I was stubborn. was to blame. But now I was stubborn and would recall not a word of all my rap-tures. Yet I was glad that I had not told

her who Cydaria was.

The cilence was short. In an instant Barbara gave a little laugh, saying:

"Small wonder you were caught, poor Simon. Yes, the creature must be hand-some enough. Saall we return to my

On that day she spoke no more with me.

## CHAPTER VII. What Came of Honesty.

I could not make that out; she had seemed angry with him. But because I spoke of her anger she was angry now with me. Indeed, I began to think that little Charles, the king, and I had been right in that opinion in which the king found us so much of a mind. Suddenly Barbara spoke.

"Tell me what she is like, this friend of yours," she said. "I have never seen her." "What did he ask you?" said I, when we

started on our way again. "Only whether you shared my supersti-tion," answered Darreli with a laugh.
"They're all mighty anxious about my re-ligion," thought I. "It would be no harm if they bestowed more attention on their

It leaped to my lips to cry, "Aye, you It leaped to my lips to cry, "Aye, you have seen her!" but I did not give utterance to the words. Barbara had seen her in her park at Hatchstead, seen her more than once, and more than once found sore coffense in what she saw. There is wisdom in silence: I was learning that safety might ite in deceit. The anger under which I had suffered would be doubled if she knew that Cydaria was Nell and Nell Cydaria. Why should she know? Why should my own mouth betray me and add my bygone sins to the offenses of today? My lord had not told her that Nell was Cydaria. Should I speak where my lord was silent? Neither

speak where my lord was silent? Neither would I tell her of Cydaria. "You haven't seen her?" I asked. "No; and I would learn what she is like." It was a strange thing to command me, yet Barbara's desire joined with my own thoughts to urge me to it. I began wildly enough, with a stiff list of features and catalogue of colors. Yet as I talked recollection warmed my voice, and when Barbara's lips curied scornfully as though she ra's lips curied scornfully, as though she would say, "What is there in this to make men fools? There is nothing in all this," men fools? There is nothing in all this," I grew more vehement and painted the picture with all my skill. What malice began my ardor perfected, until, engrossed in my fancy, I came near to forgetting that I had a listener, and ended with a start as I found Barbara's eye fixed on mine, while she stood motionless before me. My exaltation vanished, and confusion drove away my passion.

tation vanished, and confusion drove away my passion.

I should sin against the truth and thereby rob this my story of its solitary virtuo were I to pretend that my troubles and perplexities, severe as they seemed, outwelghed the pleasure and now excitement of my life. Ambition was in my head, youth in my veins, my eyes looked out on a merry world with a regard none too austere. Against these things even love's might can wase but an equal battle. For

The ladies did not enjoy the license offered by this new fashion, but they contrived to hold their own in the French mode, and I. who had heard much of the poverty of the nation, the necessities of the fleet, and the straits in which the king found himself for money, was left gaping in sheer wonder whence came all the wealth that was dis-played before my eyes. My own poor prep-arations lost all their charm, and I had not been above half an hour in the place before I was seeking a quiet corner in which
to hide the poverty of my coat and the
plainness of my cloak. But the desire for
privacy thus bred in me was not to find fulfillment. Darrell, whom I had not met all
clay now pounced on me had accorded day, now pounced on me and carried me off, declaring that he was charged to present me to the Duke of York. Trembling between fear and exultation, I walked with the floor, threading my way through the dazzling throng that covered the space in front of his majesty's dais. But before we came to the duke a gentleman caught my companion by the arm and asked him how he did in a hearty, cheerful and rather loud voice. Darrell's answer was to pull me forward and present me, saying that Sir Thomas Clifford desired my acquaintance, and adding much that erred through kindness of my parts and disposi-

"Nay, if he's your friend, it's enough for re, Darrell," answered Clifford, and putting his mouth to Darrell's ear, he whispered. Darrell shook his head and I thought that the treasurer seemed disappointed. However, he bade me farewell with cor diality.

Suddenly turning a corner, we came on group in a recess hung on three sides with curtains and furnished with low couches in the manner of an oriental divan. The Duk of York, who seemed to me a handsome. courtly prince, was sitting, and by hin stood Lord Arlington. Opposite to them stood a gentleman to whom the duke, when I made my bow, presented me, bidding me know Mr. Huddleston, the queen's chap-lain. I was familiar with his name, having heard often of the Romish priest who be friended the king in his flight from Worfriended the king in his flight from Wor-cester. I was examining his features with the interest that an unknown face belong-ing to a well-known name has for us, when the duke addressed me with a suave and lofty graciousness, his manner being in a marked degree more ceremonious than the

"My Lord Arlington," said he, "has commended you, sir, as a young gentleman of most loyal sentiments. My brother and we who love him have great need of the ser-

I stammered out an assurance of devo-tion. Arlington rose and took me by the arm, whispering that I had no need to be embarrassed. But Mr. Huddleston turned a keen and searching glance on me, as though he would read my thoughts.
"I'm sure," said Arlington, "that Mr.
Dale is most solicitous to serve his majesty in all things."

I bowed, saying to the duke: "Indeed, I am, sir; I ask nothing but an opportunity."
"In all things?" asked Huddleston, abruptly. "In all things, sir?" He fixed his

keen eyes on my face. Arlington pressed my arm and smiled pleasantly; he knew that kindness pinds

"Come, Mr. Dale says in all things," he observed. "Do we need more, sir?"

But the duke was rather of the priest's termer than of the midre of the priest's But the duke was rather of the priest's temper than of the minister's. "Why, my lord," he answered, "I have never known Mr. Huddleston to ask a ques-tion without a reason for it."

"By serving the king in all things some mean in all things in which they may be pleased to serve the king," said Huddleston, gravely. "Is Mr. Dale one of these? Is it the king's pleasure or his own that sets the limit to his duty and his services?" They were all looking at me now, and it seemed as though we had passed from courly phrases, such as fall readily but with little in port from a man's lips, and had come to a graver matter. They were asking some pledge of me or their looks belied them. Why or to what end they desired it I could not tell, but Darrell, who stood behind the priest, nodded his head to me with an anxious frown.

me with an anxious frown.
"I would obey the king in all things," I "Well said, well said," murmured Arling-

"Well said, well said," murmured Arlington.

"Saving," I proceeded, thinking it my duty to make this addition, and not conceiving that there could be harm in it, "the liberties of the kingdom and the safety of the reformed religion."

I felt Arlington's hand drawn half away, but in an instant it was back, and he smiled no less pleasantly than before. But the duke, less able or less careful to conceal his mood, frowned heavily, while Huddleston cried impatiently:

"Reservations. Kings are not served with reservations, sir."

He made me angry. Had the duke said what he did I would have taken it with a dutiful bow and a silent tongue. But who was this priest to rate me in such a style? My temper banished prudence, and bending my head toward him I answered:

"Yet the crown itself is worn with these reservations, sir, and the king himself allows them."

For a moment nobody spoke. Then Arlington said:

"I fear, sir, Mr. Bale is as yet less a courtier than an hunest gentleman."

The duke rose to this feet.

"I have found nosfault with Mr. Dale," said he, haughtily ignd coldly, and taking no more heed to time he walked away, while Huddleston, having bestowed on me an angry glance, followed him.

"Mr. Dale, Ms. Dale," whispered Arlington, and with no more than that, although still with a smile, he slipped his arm out of mine and left me beckoning Darrell to go with him. Darrell obeyed with a shrug of despair. I was alone, and, as it seemed, ruined. Alas, why must I blurt out my old lessons as though a had been standing again at my father's knee and not in the presence of he Dake of York? Yes, my race was run before it was begun. The court was not the piace for me. In great bitterness I flung myself down on the cushions and sat there, out of heart and very dismal. A moment passed; then the curtain behind me was drawn aside and an amused laugh, sounded in my ear as I turned. A young man leaped over the couch and threw himself down beside me, laughing heartly and crying:
"Well done, well done. I'd have given a ""

couch and threw himself down beside me, laughing heartily and crying:

"Well done, well done. I'd have given a thousand crowns to see their faces."

I sprang to my feet in amazement and confusion, bowing low, for the young man by me was the Duke of Monmouth.

"Sit, man," said he, pulling me down egain. "I was behind the curtain and heard all. Thank God, I held my laughter in till they were gone. The liberties of the kingdom and the safety of the reformed religion! Here's a story for the king." He lay back, seeming to enjoy the jest most hugely.

"For the lay back, seeming to enjoy the story the lay back, seeming to enjoy the lay back, seeming to enjoy the service."

king." He lay back, seeming to enjoy the jest most hugely.
"For the love of heaven, sir," I cried, "don't tell the king. I'm already ruined."
"Why, so you are, with my good uncle," said he. "You're new to court, Mr. Dale?"
"Most sadly new," I answered in a rueful tone, which set him laughing again.
"You hadn't heard the scandalous stories that accuse the duke of loving the reformed religion no better than the liberties of ed religion no better than the liberties o

ed religion no better than the libertles of the kingdom?"
"Indeed, no, sir."
"And my Lord Arlington? I know him! He held your arm to the last, and he smil-ed to the last!"
"Indeed, sir, my lord was most gentle to

"Aye, I know his way. Mr. Dale, for this entertainment let me call you friend. Come, then, well go to the king with it." And, rising, he seized me by the arm and began to drag me off.
"Indeed, your grace must pardon me."

"But, indeed, I will not," he persisted. Then he suddenly grew grave as he said:
"I am for the liberties of the kingdom and
the safety of the reformed religion. Aren't
we friends, then?"
"Your grace does me infinite honor."

"And am I no good friend? Is there no value in the friendship of the king's son—the king's eldest son?" He drew himself up with a grace and dignity which became him wonderfully. Often in these later days I see him as he was then, and think of him with tenderness. Say what you will, he made many love him even to death, who would not have lifted a finger for his fath-

er or the Duke of York.

Yet in an instant—such slaves are we of our moods—I was more than half in a rage with him. For as we went we encountered Mistress Barbara on Lord Carford's arm. Mistress Barbara on Lord Carford's arm. The quarrel between them seemed past, and they were talking merrily together. On the sight of her the duke left me and ran forward. By an adroit movement he thrust Carford aside and began to ply the lady with most extravagant and high-flown compliments, displaying an excess of devotion which witnessed more admiration than respect. She had treated me as a boy, but she did not tell him that he was a boy, although he was younger than I; she listened with heightened color and sparkling eyes. I glanced at Carford and found, to my surprise, no signs of annoyance at to my surprise, no signs of annoyance at his unceremonious deposition. He was his unceremonious deposition. He was watching the pair with a shrewd smile and seemed to mark with pleasure the girl's pride and the young duke's evident passion. Yet I, who heard something of what passed, had much ado not to step in and bid her pay no heed to homage that was empty f not dishonoring. :
Suddenly the duke turned round and call-

"Mr. Dale," he cried, "there needed but one thing to bind us closer, and here it is! For you are, I learn, the friend of Mistress Quinton, and I am the humblest of her slaves, who serve all her friends for her

"Why, what would your grace do for my ake?" asked Barbara. "What wouldn't I?" he cried, as if transsake? ported. Then he added, rather low, "Though I fear you're too cruel to do anything for

mine."
"I am listening to the most ridiculous "I am listening to the most ridiculous "race's speeches in the world for your grace's sake," said Barbara, with a pretty curtsey and a coquettish smile.

"Is love ridiculous?" he asked. "Is passion a thing to smile at? Cruel Mistress Barbara!" "Won't your grace set it in verse?" said

she. "Your grace writes it in verse on my heart," sail he.
Then Barbara looked across at me, it may

be accidentally, yet it did not appear so, and she laughed merrily. It needed no skill to measure the meaning of her laugh, and I aid not blame her for it. She had for years to avenge the kiss that I gave Cydaria in the manor park at Hatchstead but was it not well avenged when I stood, humbly, in deferential silence, at the back, while his grace the duke sued for her favor, and half the court looked on? I will not set myself down a churl, where nature has not made me one; I said in my heart, and I tried to say to her with my eyes, "Laugh, sweet mistress, laugh!" For I love a girl who will laugh at you when the

game runs in her favor.

The duke fell to his protestations again, and Carford still listened with an acquiescence that seemed strange in a suitor for the lady's hand. But now Barbara's modesty took alarm; the signal of confusion flew to her cheeks, and she looked around distressed, to see how many watched them Monmouth cared not a jot. I made bold to slip across to Carford, and said to him in a low tone:
"My lord his grace makes Mistress Bar-

bara too much marked. Can't you contrive to interrupt him?" He stared at me with a smile of wonder.

But something in my look banished his smile and set a frown in its place.

"Must I have more lessons in manners from you, sir?" he asked. "And do you include a discourse on the interrupting of princes?" "Princes?" said I.

"The Duke of Monmouth is—"
"The buke of Monmouth is—"
"The king's son, my lord," I interposed, and, carrying my hat in my hand, I walked up to Barbara and the duke. She looked at me as I came, but not now mockingly; there was rather an appeal in her eyes.
"Your grace will not let me lose my and! "Your grace will not let me lose my audi-ence with the king?" said I. He started, looked at me, frowned, looked

He started, looked at me, frowned, looked at Barbara, frowned deeper still. I remained quiet in an attitude of great deference. Puzzled to know whether I had spoken in sheer simplicity and ignorance, or with a meaning which seemed too bold to believe in, he broke into a doubtful laugh. In an instant Barbara drew away with a curtsey. He did not pursue her, but caught my arm and looked hard and straight in my face. I am happily somewhat wooden of feature, and a man could not make me color now, although a woman not make me color now, although a woman could. He took nothing by his examina-"You interrupted me," he said.

"Alas! your grace knows how poor a courter I am, and how ignorant—"
"Ignorant!" ha cried; "yes, you're mighty ignorant, no doubt; but I begin to think you know a pretty face when you see it, Master Simon Dale. Well, I'll not quarrel. Isn't she the most admirable creature alive?" "I had supposed Lord Carford thought so, str.

"I had supposed Lord Carford thought so, str."

"Oh! And yet Lord Carford did not hurry me on to find the king! But you? What say you to the questian."

"I'm so dazziu, sir, by all the beautiful ladies of his majesty's court that I can hardly perceive adividual charms."

He laughed again and pinched my arm, saying:

"We all love what we have not. The Duke of York' is in love with truth, the king with chas ty. Elekingham with modesty of demeator. Richester with seemliness, Arlington with sincerity, and I, Simon Daie—I do fairly worship discretion!"

"Indeed, I fear I can boast of little, sir."

"You shall boast of none, and thereby show the more, Simon. Come, there's the king." And he darted on, in equal good humor, as it seemed, with himself and me. Moreover, he lost no time on his errand, for when I reached his side (since they who made way for him afforded me no such

made way for him afforded me no such civility) he had not only reached the king's chair, but was half way through his story of my answer to the Duke of York; all chance of stopping him was gone.

"Now I'm d—d indeed," thought I; but I set my teeth and listened

face.
At this moment the king was alone, save for ourselves and a little long-cared dog, which lay on his lap and was incessantly caressed with his hand. He heard his son's story with a face as unmoved as I strove to

rerder mine. At the end he looked up at me, asking; "What are these liberties that are so dear

to you, sir?"
My tongue had got me into trouble enough for one day, so I set its music to a softer tune.
"Those which I see preserved and honored by your majesty," said I, bowing.
Monmouth laughed and clapped me on the back, but the king proceeded, gravely:
"And this reformed religion that you set above my orders?"
"The faith, sir, of which you are defender." to you, sir?"

above my orders?"

"The faith, sir, of which you are defender."

"Come, Mr. Dale," said he, rather surlily, "if you had spoken to my brother as skillfully as you fence with me, he would not have been angry."

I do not know what came over me. I said it in all honest simplicity, meaning only to excuse myself for the disrespect I had shown to the duke, but I phrased the sentence most vilely, for I said:

"When his royal highness questioned me, sir, I had to speak the truth."

Monmouth burst into a roar, and a moment later the king followed with a more subdued but not less thorough merriment. When his mirth subsided he said:

"True, Mr. Dale, I am a king, and no man is bound to speak truth to me. Nor, by heaven—and there's a compensation—I to any man!" to any man!"

"Nor woman," said Monmouth, looking at the celling in apparent absence of mind. "Nor even boy," added the king, with an amused glance at his son. "Well, Mr. Dale, can you serve me and this conscience of

yours also?"
"Inded, I cannot doubt it, sir," said I.
"A man's king should be his conscience," said the king.
"And what should be conscience to the king, sir?" asked Monmouth.
"Why, James, a recognition of what evil things he may be interested the world." things he may bring into the world, if he doesn't mind his ways."

Monmouth saw the hit, and took it with

pretty grace, bending and kissing the king's "It is difficult, Mr. Dale, to serve two masters," said the king, turning again to me.
"Your majesty is my only master," I began, but the king interrupted me, going on,

with some amusement:
"Yet I should like to have seen my broth-"Let him serve me, sir," cried Monmouth.

"Let him serve me, sir," cried Monmouth.
"For I am figm in my love of these liberties, aye, of the reformed religion."
"I know, James, I know," nodded the king. "It is grievous and strange, however, that you should speak as though my brother were not." He smilled very maliciously at the young duke, who flushed red. Then the king suddenly laughed and fell to fondling the little dog again.
"Then, sir," said Monmouth, "Mr. Dale shall come with me to Dover."
My heart leaped, for all the talk now was

My heart leaped, for all the talk now was

My heart leaped, for all the talk now was of Dover, of the gayety that would be there, and the corresponding duliness in London when the king and duke were gone to meet Mme. D'Orleans. I longed to go, and the little hope that I had cherished that Darrell's good offices with the secretary of state would serve me to that end had vanished. Now I was full of joy, although I watched the king's face anxiously. For some reason the suggestion seemed to occasion him amusement, yet, although for the most part he laughed openly without respect of matter or person, he now bent over his little dog, as though he sought to hide the smile, and when he looked up it hung about his lips like the ghost of mirth.

"Why not?" said he. "To Dover by all

"Why not?" said he. "To Dover by all means. Mr. Dale can serve you and me and his principles as well at Dover as in

I bent on one knee and kissed his hand for the favor. When I sought to do the like to Monmouth, he was very ready, and received my homege most regally. As I rose the king was smiling at the pair of us

in a whimsical, melancholy way.

"Be off with you, boys," said he, as though we were a pair of lads from the grammar school. "Ye are both fools, and James there is but indifferent honest. But every hour's a chance and every wench an angel to you. Do what you will, and God forgive your sins." And he lay back in his great chair with a good-humored, lazy, weary smile, as he idly patted the little dog. In spite of all that all men knew of him, I felt my heart warm to him, and I knelt on my knee again, saying:

"God save your majesty."
"God is omnipotent," said the king, ravely. "I thank you, Mr. Dale." gravely. "I thank you, Mr. Dale."
Thus dismissed, we walked off together, and I was waiting the duke's pleasure to relieve him also of my company, when he with a smile, his white teeth relieve him also of my company, when he turned to me with a smile, his white teeth gleaming:

"The queen sends a maid of honor to wait on madame," raid he.

"Indeed, sir, it is very fitting."

"And the duchess sends one also. If you could choose from among the duchess—for I swear no man in his senses would choose any of her majesty's—whom would you choose Mr. Del?" choose, Mr. Dale? "It is not for me to say, your grace," I

answered.
"Well," said he, regarding me drolly. "I well," said he, regarding me drolly. "I would choose Mistress Barbara Quinton." And with a last laugh he ran off in hot pursuit of a lady who passed at that moment and cast a very kindly glance at him. Left alone, but in a good humor that the duke's last jest could not embitter, I stood watching the scene. The play had begun now on a stage at the end of the hell the now on a stage at the end of the hall, but nobody seemed to heed it. They walked to and fro, talking always, ogling, quarreling. lovemaking and intriguing. I caught sight here of great ladies, there of beauties whose faces were their fortune—or their whose lates with the control of the went unacknowledged. Clifford came soon after; he bowed slightly when I bowed to

after; he bowed slightly when I bowed to him, but his heartiness was gone. A moment later Darrell was by my side, his ill-humor was over, but he lifted his hands in whimsical despair.

"Simon, Simon, you're hard to help," said he. "Alas, I must go to Dover without you, my friend! Couldn't you restrain your tongue?" tongue has done me no great harm."

"and you needn't go to Dove

alone."
"What?" he cried, amazed.
"Unless the Duke of Monmouth and my
Lord Arlington travel apart."
"The Duke of Monmouth? What have
you to do with him?"
"I am to enter his service," I answered,
proudly: "and, moreover, I'm to go with
him to Dover to meet Mme. d'Orleans."
"Why why? How came this?" "Why, why? How came this? How were you brought to his notice?"
I looked at him, wondering at his eagerto his notice?"

ess. Then I took him by the arm and I "Come, I am teachable, and I have learn-

"Come, I am teachaole, and I have learned my lesson."
"What lesson do you mean?"
"To restrain my tongue," said I. "Let those who are curious as to the Duke of Monmouth's reasons for his favor to me ask the duke He laughed, but I caught vexation in his

"True, you're teachable, Simon," said he.
(To be continued.)

Notes of Travel



It matters little what it is that you want whether a situation or a servant—a "want" ad. in The Star will reach the person who can fill your need.

WAS LIKE OTHER MEN

Alexander of Russia Had a Fondness for Mint Juleps.

EVEN THOUGH HE WAS THE CZAR

Interview With a Former Member of the Secret Police.

WAYS OF THE NIHILISTS

Written for The Evening Star.

"The assassination of Canovas by an anarchist," said Col. W. F. M. McCarthy, may presage a general revival of revclutionary activity. I once spent a mornng with the Emperor of Russia-to emphasize the real danger he was at that ime laboring from nihilists. An antinihilist device which had been highly comn ended to him was proven then and there, under his own eyes, in his own palace grounds, to be worse than useless'

Colonel McCarthy, now a resident of New York, is in the prime of life. It is only by fortunate chance that his friends succeed in getting him to talk about his marvelcus experiences on the czar's personal staff at the court of Russia. "It was in Paris," said Colonel McCarthy,

that I became acquainted with an aid of the Czar Alexander. The Russians are greatly interested in applied chemistry and novel mechanical devices for warfare. I had some ideas on these subjects which this aid asked me to put before his superiors. The Grand Duke Constantine was there and I was presented to him. Our interviews finally led to my going to St. Petersburg, where I was presented to the czar himself. czar himself. "I first met the emperor in the winter

"I first met the emperor in the winter palace one morning at 9 o'clock. He was an early riser, and the machinery of the court was all in operation by that hour. His majesty received me kindly, and at once put me at my ease. 'I love Americans,' he said, with a smile, and I soon learned that this was true. Andrew G. Curtin of Pennsylvania was then minister from the United States at the imperial ccurt, and there was nobody in whose society the czar took more satisfaction.

"I'll never forget the mysterious errand upon which I was dispatched one cold and

The never forget the mysterious errand upon which I was dispatched one coid and stormy night by, and I may say, with Gen. Curtin, as he was universally called in St. Petersburg. My entry into the emperor's secret service had by that time become an accomplished fact. I had become a Russian had sweep allegance to the accomplished fact. I had become a Russian, had sworn allegiance to the czar, spiritual and temporal, and had been entered on the official list of the chancellerie as Vasili Makroff. William F. Mason McCarthy ceased to exist from that hour—at least in Russia. A messenger had come asking me to the American legation at 8 o'clock that evening. 'without uniform.' asking me to the American legation at 8 o'clock that evening, 'without uniform.' These words naturally excited my curiosity. I wore the imperial crown on the collar of my uniform coat, and in that dress passed at will through the streets of St. Petersburg, by day or by night, for I was supposed to be all the while on my imperial master's business.

Making Mint Juleps.

"When I got to the embassy I learned to my intense surprise that the minister and I were to visit the czar incognito. "Gen. Curtin had a parcel under his arm

when we reached the palace and to my amazement he was promptly admitted, without question, to the czar's private apartments. I followed after him. The em-peror at once dismissed his attendants, gave us hearty hand shakes and bade us be seated in front of a cheery coal fire in a large, comfortable looking sitting room. a large, comfortable looking sitting room.
Gen. Curtin was evidently very much at
home there, and from the packet under his
arm he now produced a large black bottle.
A servant brought lemons, cracked ice, a
silver bowl containing a magnificent bunch silver bowl containing a magnificent bunch of mint, loaf sagar, vermouth and brandy. And thereupon in my presence the Ameriart of making mint juleps and whisky

cocktalls.

"The whisky was old rye, sent to Gen.
Curtin from the state of Pennsylvania, of
which he had been governor. His majesty said he had never tasted anything as goo in his life as the juleps and he forthwith commissioned Gen. Curtin to order for the imperial cellars a large quantity of the rye whisky, which he had never heard of until after the arrival of Curtin in St. Petersburg. Ten barrels of rye were actually shipped from Pennsylvania not long afterward to the czar. My part in the festivities was nothing more nor less than telling stories. Folk lore tales, and the quaint conversation between 'Brer' Rabbit and 'Brer.' Bar delighted him. Afterward at the czar's request 1 sent to New York for all the books of this description I could

get hold of.
"Gen. Curtin won the affection of his majesty by his genial personality, his fund of ancedote and his unaffected sincerity. He would tell story after story of American life and incident, at many of which Alexander laughed as merrily as a schoolboy. 'I love to be with men,' he would say;
'I love Americans as I hate sycophants.'
He was heard to say more than once that
the happiest hours of his life were those
passed in this informal way with Gen.

"The melancholy that possessed Alexander in the closing years of his life was due to several distinct causes. He had married a German princess considerably older than himself, for whom he cherished but little personal affection. The Princess Dolgorouki, of that ancient Russian stock which Peter the Great had driven from the throne, was loved devotedly by Alexander; but she was after all only a morganatic spouse. A new and hideous weapon was being used against him by invisible ene-mies. Sleeping and waking he was the prey to nervous apprehensions. Yet was he a man of iron nerve, of great personal dig-nity and of charming, unaffected manners.

A Dangerous Ride. "I was instructed one night to jump on

the box of a droshky in the palace yard, where many vehicles were constantly kept for the use of the court, and drive whoever should call that particular vehicle to whatever address he or she should designate. I pulled a big bearskin cap down over my face, threw on a fur coat and mounted the seat. Presently a noble lady of the court muffled in furs, beckoned to me, and gave me the address of a rich money lender in a remote suburb. I finally found the place, and after my fare had gone inside, to pawn her diamonds or compromise her husband. I could only surmise which, I sat on the box in the few wind until I was about force. l could only surmise which, I sat on the box in the icy wind until I was almost frozen. A beggar came limping by, in rags, and asked alms. I did not want to take my hands out of my pockets, but finally, to get rid of his importunity, I threw him a piece of money. He looked hard at me as I raised up my face, in the lamplight, and hobbled away, more swiftly I thought than he had approached.

"My fare came out, I drove her home, none the wiser, and I went to bed. The next morning by 8 o'clock I received a curt message to report to the chief of police. I felt vaguely that I was in trouble. Jumping into the carriage I called out to the driver to go to the chief of police. But on the way I directed him to stop at the palace, an in a few minutes I was in the czar's presence, and had told him everything.

the czar's presence, and had told him everything.

"His majesty smiled, and writing my name in Russian across a bit of paper on the table in front of him, he tore the paper in two and gave me one of the fragments.

"'Go on to where you are summoned,' he said, 'but fear nothing. I expect my officers to do any duty assigned them, be it the personation of a washwoman, a beggar man, or droshky driver. But next time, disguise yourself better.'

"When I got to the office of the chief of police, I was asked to explain what I had been doing on the box of a droshky the previous evening in front of the residence, the owner's name of which was now given to and recognized by me. Every detail of my adventure was at the end of my inquisitor's tengue.

"For answer I took from my bosom the fragment of paper I had so recently received from the emperor's hends, and to my amazement the chief of police, with a smile, took from the deak in front of him the corresponding fragment and bowed me out. I had traveled full speed from the

emperor to him, yet this piece of paper, which showed I had been on my master's business, had preceded me.

"Nihilism, after all, is simply the nobles' revenge. It is retaliation for the freeing of the serfs. By the stroke of his pen the Emperor Alexander had freed 10,000,000 serfs and impoverished thousands of noble families. The nature of the nihilism conspiracy can only be understood after some study of the conditions of Russian society at this end of the century. Every Russian youth has a career mapped out for him. Let us say that the head of a noble Russian family has four sons, whom he sends to the university. Education, first of all, they must have, to fit them for any career. A., the cidest, is destined for government services; B., the second, is to be a doctor; C., the third, shall go into the army; D., the youngest, does not distinguish himself in his studies, and is the black sheep, as it were, of the family fold. When he does not pass his examinations his parents are incensed. When his brethren have finished into life, D. is still hanging on, drinking and dancing, dissipating his opportunities and the liberal allowance his father makes him. At last the father loses patience, ami giving him a round sum of money, bids him begone to America, to Africa, anywhere out of Russia, where he has disgraced a proud name. But the youth has made friends at the university of other ne'er do weels. Perhaps he has a mistress. Assuredly he is aiready a familiar figure in the tractoirs or tea cafes. They meet to bemoan his misfortune, and presto, they form themselves into a nihilist circle.

"The circle thus formed a results must be a minima to the circle thus formed."

Forming a Nihilist Circle "The circle thus formed, a regular meet-

ing place, a private room, we will say, in their favorite tractoir, is selected as the rendezvous for conspiracy, as well as for social enjoyment. There they sup and drink and plot and dance. The very waiters who serve them are in the secret service of the czar; a Russian officer is the czar's wholly. He may not refuse the humblest mission. Any enterprise which tends to confirm the safety or please the humor of his imperial master it is the officer's

of his imperial master it is the officer's privilege and pleasure, as well as his sworn duty, to undertake.

"Form more circles," comes the word from the chief, the arch conspirator of all, say Troubetskoy, in Geneva, and then form a plot." So they help on the formation of other circles, and at last the plans for the actual demonstration, the blow at the life of majesty itself, or some prominent general or faithful officer in the czar's service, are ready for final arrangement. are ready for final arrangement.

"Now, the secret police have long since been aware of what is going on, and ar-ranging in their turn for their grand coup. There are many ways by which the forma-tion of the new circle may have been brought to the knowledge of the police. The waiters in the tractoir, as mentioned, may be spies, who report regularly to the authorities. Or one of the invited may have lost his nerve, in splite of the fearful cath he took on entrance, an oath requiring nim to die rather than to betray his comrades, binding him to inflict the most frightful mutilations on any other traitor, obliging him to commit suicide rather than submit to arrest, and so endanger the safety of his brother conspirators. He may have told all to his mistress, and invited her into the circle. She, being devout, like most Russian women, goes to confession, and confides to the priest that she has joined the circle, or that she loves a man who is a member of it. have lost his nerve, in spite of the fearful

Capturing the Circle.

"'Never mind, my daughter,' says the priest, 'don't let that trouble you. I'll absolve you; and if you will send your friend to me I will absolve him also." Whereupon the priest straightway tells all to the government, for he is himself a part of the governmental system, and when the lover comes to confession-if he is foolish enough-he is not seen again at the circle. He disappears mysteriously. There are many mysterious disappearances in Rus-

"The fair penitent, her heart light from absolution, goes gayly again to the trac-toir where the circie meets. The police spies have followed her, and if her lover has not taken her advice and gone to con-fession the circle is gayer that evening than ever. They drink tea and vodka and sing piblist songs. They are all arrested sing nihilist songs. They are all arrested together in their chosen meeting place and taken swiftly and silently away to prison, each wondering if any of the othe

NOT A NEW SCHEME Andree Not First to Take

the Pole. om the Boston Herald. Writers for the contemporary press who have recently treated of Andree's essay to reach the north pole in a balloon appear to have forgotten-if, indeed, they ever

knew-that carrier pigeons have previously been taken to the arctic regions by other explorers, and that in one instance it is believed a bird made its way south to its old home in Scotland. When Sir John Ross set out in the Felix in search of Sir John Franklin's expedition, in 1850, he took with him four homing

pigeons belonging to a lady in Ayrshire,

Intending to liberate two of them when the

state of the ice rendered it necessary to lay up his vessel for the winter, and the other two when he discovered the missing explorer, if he should be so fortunate. A pigeon made its appearance at the dove cote in Ayrshire on October 13, which the lady recognized by marks and circumstances that left no doubt in her mind of stances that left no doubt in her mind of it being one of the younger pair presented by her to Sir John. It carried no billet, but there were indications, in the loss of feath-ers on the breast, of one having been torn from under the wing. Though it is known that the speed of pigeons is equal to 100 miles an hour, the distance from Melville Island to Avrshipe being in a direct line miles an hour, the distance from Melville Island to Ayrshire, being in a direct line about 2,400 miles, is so great that evidence of the bird having been sent off as early as

October 10 was required before it could be believed that no mistake was made in the identification of the individual which came to the cote. It was afterward ascertained that Sir John Ross dispatched the youngest pair October 6 and 7, 1850, in a basket suspended from a balloon, during a west-northwest gale. By a contrivance of a slow match the birds were to be liberated at the end of twenty-four hours. The reader can form his own opinion as to the identity of the pigeon in question, but at the time it was fully believed that the bird was one of the two sent off from the expedition in

was fully believed that the bird was one of the two sent off from the expedition in Melville bay.

The expedition fitted out by Lady Franklin in 1851, which sailed in the Prince Albert, under command of William Kennedy, teok a number of homing pigeons. It reached Upernavik on June 10, and, after taking on board some Eskimo dogs, set out to explore the shores of Prince Regent's inlet. The much-dreaded "middle ice" was reached soon after leaving, and four days were spent in passing through it to the western side of the bay, during which time the men were constantly employed in sailing, boring, pushing, warping, not infrequently exposed to the perilous "nips," which are sometimes productive of dire consequences. At this point in the voyage it was deemed advisable to test the powers of the pigeons, but the poor birds refused to take the long flight to England, and resolutely persisted in returning to the and resolutely persisted in returning to the ship again and again after a short survey of the key region in which they were let

This means a great deal to all who know the disastrous effects of these drags. I

Purely Vegetable